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Wednesday January 22, 2003

The Underground

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More WAR on WAR! pg.7

The Construction Continues pg.8

UTSC's student Newspaper since 1980

Volume 22, Issue 16

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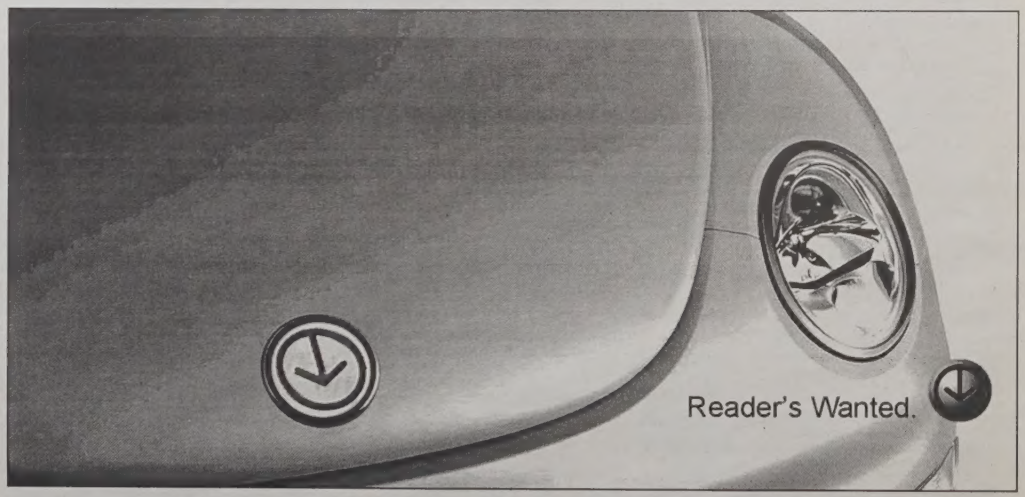

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The Underground

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Letters and Opinions Policy

At **The Underground** we love unsolicited material, especially letters and opinion pieces. Should such material be typed or printed and delivered to **The Underground**'s snazzy portable by or before noon on the Friday prior to the desired publication date, we will more than likely print it. We kindly ask that submissions be of 800 words or less and that they include the writer's name and student number.

Submissions become the property of **The Underground** and may or may not be published at the whim of *The Editorial Board*. *The Board* reserves the right to poke fun at submissions, post them on the wall in **The Underground**'s snazzy portable (for the enjoyment of our staff and guests) or alter them in print in any way provided it is so acknowledged. By submission, authors implicitly bow down to the total editorial control of *The Editorial Board* and freely consent to the addition witty comments and criticisms (especially in the case of libelous or malicious submissions) courtesy of the snarky editors.

For a more official-sounding **Letters and Opinions Policy** contact ***undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca***

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editorial

editorial

Rael says YES to clones... What would Jesus say?

By February 5th, as many as five human clone babies will have been born, courtesy of the good people at Clonaid. The company, which bills itself as "the first human clone company," is confident that it will soon be able to supply DNA proof from one of the five children. Scientists and medical researchers remain skeptical... People the world over are talking about cloning again... Is it ethical? Is it possible? Did aliens create the human race?

So maybe the Raelians seem a bit whacked. So maybe cloning has been some sort of creepy sci-fi topic that used to only crop up in horror-flicks and pulp fiction. So maybe there will be five clones living among us within the next two weeks... Maybe, just maybe, people are getting a little too worked up about all this.

The fact of the matter is that a baby clone has the same DNA as her mother. And the truth is in the details: That baby is really a lot more like her mother's twin, than any sort of scary monster. If cloning is to be outlawed, then so should we outlaw twins. Make them illegal. Take those twins away from their parents and put them in concentration camps. What will we do with all these genetic freaks running around? The only answer is to lock them all up and throw away the key. There isn't much ethical to think about. The Bible says cloning is wrong, right? Jesus would never love a clone.

This past weekend, the Toronto Star reported that a majority of Canadians thought that cloning human embryos for research to help cure diseases was fine and dandy. But if you asked them whether or not it was okay to grow a whole clone, instead of just a few stem cells, then suddenly an overwhelming majority were opposed. Why? Is there really such a huge difference between a cloned embryo and a cloned baby? Neither can talk or walk or be of much service to society. Oh, but embryos don't look like people. We don't mind growing some clone tissue if it'll replace Uncle Andy's soused liver, but when Aunt Linda and her wife want to have a baby of their own they should adopt or buy some semen or find a man. Huh?

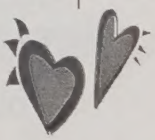
Cloning really was/is an inevitability. Science and Technology have been on a mad rampage for some time now, and they show no signs of stopping. The ability to make a baby that matches you genetically isn't really such an earth-shattering thing; Nature has been doing it willy-nilly with twins and triplets for eons. We don't need to fear those cute little clone babies (that is, if they really are clones...) They're pretty harmless, being infants and all.

Now as for the Raelians, they're something else entirely. The mainstream-media likes to rag on them, so at the Underground we'll give them the benefit of the doubt. At the very least, they know how to hold a wicked press-conference, spin the papers into a frenzy and keep a whole lot of CNN-addled brains buzzing about what they're up to. Nowadays, the ability to catch the attention of a couple hundred million people is a whole lot scarier than a handful of toothless, unweaned clones. Can you say subliminal messages?

For the latest updates, or to buy your own clone, check out the website at http://www.clonaid.com/

Chris McKinnon
Editor in Chief

WE LOVE LOVE
(and so do you, admit it!)



We're currently accepting Valentine's Day greetings/personals! Tell that hottie you've been checking her/him out with the safe anonymity of newsprint!

Example -
YOU: Eating roti in the H-Wing Cafe in that sexy way you eat your roti.
ME: Eyeing you from behind my copy of 100 Days of Solitude and beating off. Meet me in the S-Wing stairwell on Friday!

Send your message via the technopoly of the Web to:

underground_love@ace-of-base.com

Sachin says, This year, say it with haiku!

About the Cover

Anti-war protestors rally through Toronto's Nathan Philips Square. And not everyone was a granola-eating hippy wearing a smelly wool poncho. See page 7 for more...

It is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know that you would lie if you were in his place. - H. L. Mencken

letters

Positive Space to make UTSC more welcoming...

Dear Editor,

On behalf of the Principal's Advisory Committee on Positive Space, I would like to thank you for the thoughtful editorial that appeared in the November 27 issue of the Underground ("Positive Space Campaign is back" – Issue 12, Vol. 22).

While it is true that the committee went for several months without a chair, Principal Thompson has now taken steps to ensure that it will continue its work throughout this academic year and into the first year of the next Principal's tenure. We have already held three meetings since Nov. 20, and the membership has risen from eight to about 20 members.

The Positive Space initiative was established at UTSC to address concerns about homophobia, raise the visibility of lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered and queer (LGBTQ) issues, and educate students, staff and faculty about equity issues. Our broader goal is to make UTSC a more welcoming place for all of its LGBTQ citizens, to combat discrimination and harassment, and to help ensure that the quality of life for LGBTQ individuals is enhanced on all campuses.

Your editorial was accurate in describing the UTSC environment as sometimes threatening. There have been documented instances of verbal abuse, removal of stickers and posters, and even a bogus poster campaign which exploited our Positive Space logo to deliver negative messages about queer people. The Positive Space sticker/poster campaign is a simple but important part of our strategy. Those who display these signs are not only telling LGBTQ people on campus that they are welcome and respected; they are also telling the rest of the UTSC community that they agree with the ideals of equity that the University of Toronto upholds.

This is just one example of how we draw support from Allies who are willing to stand up and be counted. I should add that this is also why the Committee recently asked for the removal of the Positive Space posters that had been placed outside the H-Wing cafeteria: it is not possible to guarantee that a public place is a positive space, so the posters did not convey the right message.

Your editorial suggested that the Positive Space committee accomplished very little last year, but in fact there were several important events, including the kick-off events and the series of staff training seminars run by Jude Tate, the Coordinator of LGBTQ Resources and Programs. This year we have built upon this foundation with the full cooperation of the administration and plenty of help from the members of the student group, LGBTQ@SC.

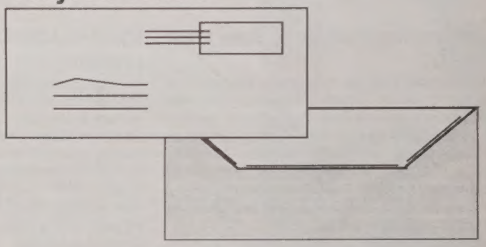
The Positive Space banner now has a permanent home in the Meeting Place, the bulletin board has been installed (at about 1/3 the cost you mentioned), Human Resource Services will be improving its communication with new faculty and staff regarding LGBTQ resources on campus, and thanks to the efforts of hard-working student activists, it looks like there may at last be a queer space for students, faculty and staff here at UTSC.

We have much more on our plate, and we challenge the Underground, its readers, and indeed the entire UTSC community to join us in making our campus a place that is free from discrimination and harassment.

Supporters are welcome to join us at our monthly meetings (see our bulletin board for details), and to help us with the concrete tasks that will lead to an equitable environment.

Ron Smyth
For the Principal's Advisory Committee on Positive Space
smyth@utsc.utoronto.ca

mailto: undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca
subject: letters



Vandalize UTSC! Please!

To the Vandals of UTSC:

I'm writing to say how much I appreciate your work. I see it all over campus on lockers, in the washrooms, and in the study spaces. While some critics complain about your efforts - and indeed the Underground has published several pieces on it in the past - I would like to thank you for taking the time to put it there. You heard me, thank you.

As a student Coordinator of Lesbians, Gays, Bisexual, Transgendered, and Queers of UTSC (LGBTQ@SC), one of the many issues I actively combat is homophobic graffiti. Remember earlier this year when you defaced the posters of a queer student running for a position in SCSU (while other students' posters were not similarly defaced)? Or how you've consistently torn down the LGBTQ Positive Space stickers on my locker (while other students' lockers are rife with stickers which aren't defaced)? You'll be pleased to know that your handiwork has inspired us to plan our own equity-awareness campaigns promoting a fluid view of sexuality, gender, and culture.

If there isn't any vandalism or graffiti on campus we can't confront and report it. But thanks to you, there is! We present this proof at our meetings with UTSC administration and, in response, UTSC is compelled to stand up and demonstrate its support for our community-building initiatives. Among our various avenues of support is a groundbreaking show of permanent queer visibility: we have a brand new glassed-in bulletin board in the B-Wing, which we'll use to showcase the Positive Space campaign, provide contact information to LGBTQ students, staff, faculty, or alumni, advertise LGBTQ@SC and downtown events, and provide general sexuality awareness to the campus. This is largely in response to having our posters torn down (now they're fixed to the wall and behind glass, and I doubt they will be torn down anymore). In other words, your hatred gets us results.

Thanks for the vandalism, UTSC! Keep it coming.

Brian
LGBTQ@SC, Coordinator

The News In Brief...

Will the Norwalk Virus Take Over UTSC?

The Norwalk Virus has hit several UTSC students, following recent Toronto outbreaks. The most notable of these outbreaks happened at Toronto's Sunnybrook Hospital last November, where the emergency department was shut down for several days after over 40 staff and 14 patients had contracted the virus. There is also word of several outbreaks of the virus happening throughout the Toronto area right now.

Norwalk Virus is a viral gastroenteritis infection. Symptoms include vomiting, diarrhea, and painful abdominal cramps. The virus only lasts 24-60 hours, and is not life threatening; the most dangerous aspect of the infection is the risk of dehydration. Once infected there is nothing that can be done to stop it. After the worst of the illness has occurred, you feel as if you have been laid out on a cold concrete floor and repeatedly kicked for approximately 38 minutes and 45 seconds by a group of 15 to 16 men, all about 25 years old and wearing steel-toed boots. Hurrah.

So make sure the Aramark staff is washing their hands, because "people get Norwalk virus infection by swallowing food or water that has been contaminated with stool from an infected person."

B-Wing Cafeteria Repeatedly Out of Large Chocolate Milks

The title says it all. Aren't you angry?

Friday Night Forgetfulness

Campus residence legend Crazy Joe celebrated the big 2-0 this past Friday by organizing a bus trip to the Phoenix. Dan (Co-News Editor) was going to report on this. He can't though, drinks were only $2.50 and he can't remember a thing.

Rui Read On Campus... And YOU probably missed it

Writer Rui Umezawa's recently made a guest appearance at UTSC. Last Friday Umezawa graced B-516 and its Immigrant Experience in Literature class. Umezawa is a native of Japan, but has lived in Toronto for the past 15 years. His work draws from Japanese folk-lore and original creative work. He is the author of a children's book entitled *Aiko's Flowers*, and has published variously in *The Globe and Mail*, *The Toronto Star*, *Descant* and *Venue*.

Ryerson Beats UTSC

Ryerson students actually do stuff. UTSC students don't do anything. Period.

Culture Jamming Gets a Salesman

Culture Jamming guru Andrew Boyd spoke at Ryerson University last Tuesday the 14th, giving his "Culture Jamming 101" lecture. The lecture hall was packed with people ranging everywhere from the militant activist, to 15 year old hippies, to 70 year old professors, to professional mothers, to yours truly-The Underground. Many of the lecture hall seats were blocked off by yellow caution tape (for unknown reasons), but in the spirit of true superficial culture jammers the tape was ignored, with mentions of "No borders," and that ignoring the tape was "a statement." Right.

The lecture was conducted in a Southern Baptist Evangelist fashion, with fast-talking appeals to nothing but emotion. The selling commenced: "We're in the middles of an orgy of culture jamming in this country." Let's get those teenyboppers hooked, cuz culture jamming is cool.

Someone else went to the Anti-War Rally

On Saturday, January 18, 2003 thousands converged on Nathan Philips Square in downtown Toronto to protest the imminent US-led war on Iraq. Despite the crowd's mostly average-Canadian make-up, communist newspapers, Marxist leaflets and various pieces of anti-establishment propaganda were widely available. Also on-hand were members of the CAW, CUPE and a group called RootingOutEvil.org, which intends to send groups of voluntary weapons-inspectors into the United States. The Globe and Mail also released an the results of an Ipsos-Reid poll that indicated that the majority of Canadians would not support a war on Iraq that was not endorsed by the UN, and Canadian PM, Jean Chretien, refused to comment on whether or not Canada would join a unilateral US move to invade Iraq.

The peace rally made its way through the city-streets to U of T's St. George campus, where more speeches were made at Convocation Hall. War protestors packed Con Hall, as a string of largely incoherent speakers took the podium. Much rhetoric was spouted, most of it amounting to "George W. Bush is an idiot." While the truth-value of such a statement is hardly debatable, it does not, in fact, give us a good reason not to go to war. The best reason not to wage war on Iraq is that there is no good reason.

News Reporting Failure and a Note from the News Editor

Due to my recent death, I was unable to go to the Anti-War Rally downtown Toronto last Saturday. I apologize. But if I had gone, I would have something cool to say.

I also laugh at all of you. I set up an email account so YOUR events could be covered, so YOU can get exposure. I have received no emails since the address was published in the paper a week and a half ago, besides something from my own editor. I would like to think that it is because you all hate me, but I think the real reason is that you are all apathetic, lazy, racist, assholes. If you have a problem with my saying this, then write an email to brokennewseditors@hotmail.com explaining why. For some reason, I think your apathy will go so far that you won't even challenge this statement. Please, PLEASE surprise me.

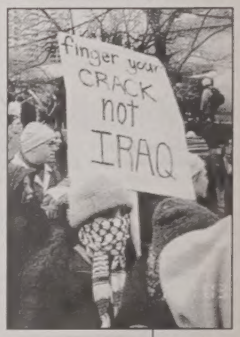
Stay tuned for more anger in the coming weeks.

Sincerely,
Gordon Lane

Gordon Lane and Dan Sharpe
News Editors
brokennewseditors@hotmail.com

WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE *THINK OF THE CHILDREN?*

A first-person account of that crazy anti-war march



By Sachin "Capitalism is A-OK" Hingoo
Associate Editor

It's bitterly cold as we walk from the Eaton Centre up to Convocation Hall in pursuit of the Peace Rally protestors. After a raucous night of drinking at the Phoenix the night before, we are more than a little hung-over, which doesn't help the situation any. But rationalizing that our minor discomfort is insignificant in comparison to the feeling of a one-hundred megaton bomb dropping on our heads and the heads of our friends and family, we suck it up and walk on. During our trek up University Avenue, passing protestors and police cars, I notice the first child of the day, in a stroller, its mother clutching the handles while attempting to juggle a protest sign. Chris speaks aloud what I'm thinking: "Shouldn't that child be inside on a day like this? What do they have to do with Iraq?" This sparks a discussion about SIDS, which I will not recount here because I'm not that much of a slime-ball.

Low in spirit and morale, we end up at Con Hall, surrounded by more people with signs, drums, and colourful costumes. A clearly insane man in leather pants spouting terrible (but topical) improvised poetry (at the top of his lungs) is right in my ear. I shuffle over next to an old man smoking a joint, which he has no intention of sharing with me. Apparently there are speeches going on in Convocation Hall, but tickets are required and being the well-prepared members of the press that we are, we have none. Fortunately for us, the organizers have set up some speakers on a truck outside the hall from which burst mostly incoherent sounds which I have to assume are the speeches going on inside. Now somewhat sheltered on the steps of Con Hall, I can survey the entire crowd for the first time. In between the Black (Über-Militant) Block and a couple of protestors in masks beating each other with feathers (clearly quite high on LSD), I notice several children running through the crowd. Again, I wonder to myself what these kids are doing here. In this kind of brutal weather, is it right to allow kids to be running around at this protest? Given their ages, it's pretty unlikely that they understand trade-sanctions, oil interests, and in most cases they probably think that only Max Steel and Magneto have access to 'weapons of mass destruction'. So I ask you, is it a wise decision on the part of parents to bring their kids to this rally? Is it of any value to the children to be here when they can't possibly fathom the real meaning or seriousness of the protest? Sure, you'll probably tell me that it's important for them to show their support, that Iraqi children will also be affected by Bush's decision to bomb or not to bomb, but can these kids grasp anything that's going on, and if they can't, is it really a show of support at all?

My issues with the children and my shallow commentary on the protestors aside, the rally is a truly moving event. Knowing that similar protests are occurring throughout Canada and the world at the same time, I'm impressed, to say the least, with the sheer amount of people that oppose Mr. Bush's trigger-happy regime. Something needs to be done about the United States' terrorism-posing-as-antiterrorism, and it is increasingly apparent that Canadians will not stand for our government's support of Bush in this war without the approval of the United Nations. Perhaps there's hope for us yet. More likely, the US-imposed deadline will come and go, and Georgie will bomb Iraq and a million civilians to smithereens and no one will make a move to stop him. My only hope is that it will end there, and that as Canadians, the blood of that one-million people won't be on our hands.

The Underground

Construction Continues On Campus

Christian Lucier
Life Editor

Five months ago we started the school year. Accompanying the steady flow of students were big honkin' trucks. Some were full of cement, while others towed enormous concrete cylinders. Well, it looks as though the stream of construction is starting to take shape. The Phase Four Student Residence Building now stands in a skeletal sort of way, and the Academic Resource Center (ARC) appears to have a sturdy foundation. The question at hand now is, "When will all this bloody construction come to a halt?" After having conversed with Assistant Principal for Campus Development, Professor Ted Relph, I wouldn't hold my breath…

Surprisingly, the new student residence and ARC are on schedule. (Isn't it about time something went according to plan?) If you haven't heard, the student residence is scheduled for completion in mid-August. However, issues like furnishing the building still have to be taken into consideration. The start of construction on the student residence was delayed a few weeks. It appears as though there was a budget conflict, but according to Relph, "this delay has been made up because the contractor increased the number of workers pouring concrete."

As far as the ARC goes, it is scheduled for "substantial completion" in late July. Substantial is a pretty broad word, however. UTSC could erect a cardboard box with some old issues of National Geographic for all I care, just so long as we have something that resembles a library for next year.

So far, there haven't been any serious conflicts with the blueprints for both the student residence and ARC. In terms of modifications, there have been very few. These "modifications" can be as simple as making a doorframe or ledge a few inches longer. Rest assured, the original plans for the student residence and ARC are presently being carried out.

On a side note, the ARC also experienced a roadblock at the start of construction. A large 37 year-old oil tank for diesel needed to be removed. The oil tank was located at the bottom of the staircase near the main chimneys. UTSC was aware of this oil tank and its need for removal. According to provincial regulations, the oil tank needed to be moved in the next three years anyway, due to the possibility of leakage. UTSC is heated by gas, so the oil tank served no purpose and is now gone for good.

In terms of future construction on campus, there are numerous projects in the works. The designs for the new Management Building and Student Centre are almost complete. Groundbreaking for these two projects is being planned for around March or April, and the completion of these two buildings is set for August 2004. As well, a new site plan for the outer lots has been sent to the City of Toronto. In the site plan, a reconstruction and expansion of the outer lots is proposed. Being a frustrated commuter at UTSC, I am eagerly looking forward to a revamp of the parking lots. With all these new buildings being erected, there will have to be "upgrades and improvements to the electrical infrastructure" of UTSC. This would include new transformers and central switchgears.

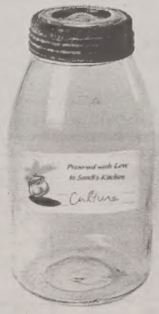
But wait, there's more. There are three more projects that are being considered. UTSC is currently planning another "200-300 student residence, a general classroom building, and an extension to the Sciences Wing."

When considering all the construction that is taking place, it is amazing UTSC still carries out a school-year. However, it is not as though the two haven't conflicted. Since most of my classes are in the B-Wing, I have learned first hand how well sound carries. Hammers banging, drills churning, and bulldozers revving are sounds often heard in class and in the halls. In a sense, these sounds are kind of like UTSC's new radio station. So yes, construction on campus has been somewhat distracting for the student body.

Another thing that is discouraging about all the construction on campus is that a large portion of the student body (3rd and 4th year) is never going to reap the benefits of these new facilities, and yet have to be inconvenienced. It is plausible to think that UTSC might be going a bit overboard in terms of redefining the campus. Face it, with the above information it looks as though we better get used to the construction, because it is going to be like this for the next few years. Yet, that is what the length of University is, a few years. It is disappointing to attend a small university campus that is trying to grow drastically. Not only are we unable to grasp a feel of the campus, due to its constant change in appearance, but we are also deprived in critical ways. Every student this year, for example, had a closet for a library. It would have been nice if some of the construction was spaced out, but that is just wishful thinking. No one likes to spend money unless they have to, especially here at UTSC.

Ryerson lecture spells curtains for culture jamming

by Chris McKinnon
Editor-in-Chief



The lecture hall was filled with a bizarre mix of activists, regular-joe students, academics and arts-types. The buzz was big. Present in the audience were such alt-media personae as Judy Rebick, originator and publisher of Rabble.ca. The crowd was busy passing around some sample leaflets from some organization called www.whatreallyhappened.com, a website that runs "The News They Don't Want You To Hear."

Enter Andrew Boyd. Who? Yes. Andrew Boyd.

Billed as North America's pre-eminent culture-jammer and media-stunt activist. Boyd has been "jacking" since his university days, where he organized a band of students to take over a campus military research lab. The group dressed in lab coats, dark sunglasses and walkman headsets and entered the laboratory demanding that they be allowed to "exercise their duty as American citizens" and help conduct nuclear defense research. One of the students had knitted a missile-cone-warmer.

Boyd, now 39 and based in New York, is not only a troll-looking culture-jammer and activist, but also a writer, author of such shlocky titles as Daily Afflictions: The Agony of Being Connected to Everything in the Universe and Life's Little Deconstruction Book: Self-Help for the Post-Hip. His books pillage post-modern culture, and in turn, Boyd sells the phenomenon back to yuppies who want to be "Pomo." He has his own website, where he hocks his wares to the weak of mind. He travels the continent giving lectures called "Culture Jamming 101", the very same one that I attended at Ryerson University last week.

Boyd lectures like a used-car salesman (and in bad pants to boot), and he was there selling himself as much as he was enlightening tofu-munching yuppies about the art of the culture jam or media stunt. His presentation at Ryerson was two-parts blatant self-promotion, one-part smug autobiography and one-part primer on how to subvert the mainstream.

Culture-jamming itself has obtained significant media saturation of late; The crowd that Boyd drew to this lecture (upwards of 200 people) is proof of that. Thanks to Greenpeace, Adbusters, Naomi Klein and a slew of other activist organizations and alt-media darlings, there are few people who haven't seen at least one scrawny denim-clad model moaning "FEED ME" courtesy of some socially-conscious black-marker magic. (If you haven't got a clue what I'm talking about, see below.) For those that were familiar with Naomi Klein's No Logo, or Kalle Lasn's Adbusters, Boyd had little to offer. He spent about 10 minutes describing different ways to culture jam advertisements, multi-national organization's or world-trade organizations. (See below for a synopsis.) The rest of the time was devoted to case-studies of Boyd's own work, and in the final 15 minutes, a brainstorming session for a media-stunt that Boyd plans to pull next month in New York. Despite many enticing questions from the audience, Boyd managed to keep things light by avoiding the theory or analysis of media pranks and advertisement hijackings. When one woman suggested that the group brainstorm a media prank for an upcoming peace demonstration in Toronto, Boyd cut her off with a click of his tongue and said "No, but I only have ten minutes and I want to get something for New York." All in all, unless you'd lived in a capitalist hole for the past five years, there wasn't much to learn at the Culture Jamming 101 workshop. It was big on Boyd, but thin on stratagem for would-be Jammers.

A Culture-Jammer's Glossary of Terms

culture jamming
the art of subverting the messages of the mainstream media, large evil corporations, or big government, etc. by re-contextualizing their messages so that people become overtly aware of their manipulative practices.

just a few different kinds of culture jamming:

anti-advertisement
take a popular ad campaign and spoof it. this works best if the anti-ad provides some criticism of the company or original ad campaign... an example would be an ad for Calvin Klein's Obsession, depicting a well-muscled man, holding out the waistband of his underpants and looking plaintively inside (one of the more popular examples.)

street theatre
just what it sounds like... get a troupe of actors, get a script and perform some socially conscious theatre in the street, the park, the subway or wherever else you'll be sure to catch the attention of some passers-by.

guerrilla leafleting
produce a leaflet or pamphlet with subversive, anti-establishment, or socially-conscious messages and insert it into the pages of mainstream newspapers, drop it in your neighbour's mailbox, put under cars' windshield wipers or scatter them around in public places.

media stunt
turn the mainstream media against itself by hijacking a press conference, or other large event where the media are present... and example would be to build a big paper-mache paper shredder, hide a wood-chipper inside, park it outside of the offices of U.S. Immigration and shred large copies of the Constitution to protest the human rights violations inherent in racial-profiling.

invisible theatre
with the help of some similarly inclined pals, put on a big show for the people around and don't let them know you're acting... an example would be to enter a McDonalds and have a very loud, rehearsed conversation about their unfair labour practices, and let all the other patrons know just how bad it is to flip burgers.

guerrilla projection
project a socially-conscious or subversive image onto the office building of a major corporation," government bureau or some other offensive body... for example, projecting a bio-hazard symbol onto the smoke-stacks of a paper-mill known for contaminating groundwater and nearby lakes and streams.

newspaper wrap
replacing the outside sheet of a major newspaper with your own... if you're very careful to match fonts, styles of type and the masthead you could fool bleary-eyed morning commuters well into the first page and deliver your message before they become aware.

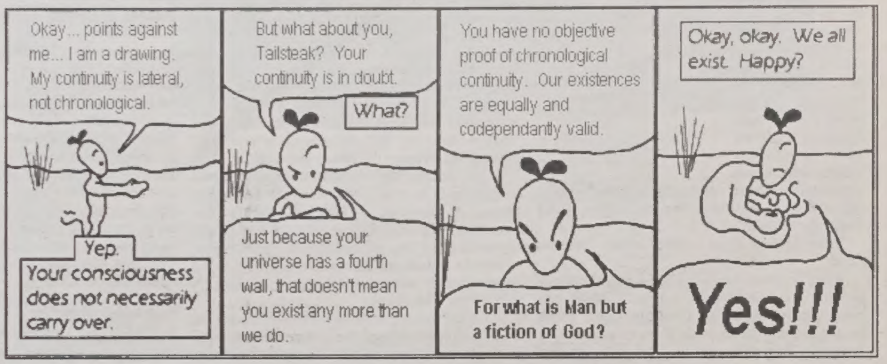
banner hang
hang a large banner with your slogan, logo or idea in a prominent high-traffic area... an example would be to hang a banner promoting anti-consumerism over the Bloor Viaduct during rush-hour.

billboard liberation
the altering of a billboard to make its message subversive or socially-conscious. this can be done with spray-paint or for more resounding effects by repapering the board with your own message.

arts

Online comics...

"I produce speech bubbles, therefore I am."



> "One Over Zero is one of the most striking independent comics online"

Keith Friedlander
Arts Editor

Online comic strips have been a steadily increasing medium of creativity on the internet these past few years. With websites like Keenspace (www.keenspace.com) offering free webhosting and acting as a home to the strong community of artists, starting an independent web-comic remains an accessible outlet to anyone that has the proper tools.

One such artist is a local man who goes by the internet moniker "Tailsteak". His daily comic strip *One Over Zero* has been running for over two years and has earned a cult following of its own. Beginning as a blank slate and being built up from borrowed material, *One Over Zero* gradually evolved into a unique storytelling project, following the musings of a small cast of tiny beings who live on the corpse of bear in the middle of a featureless wasteland. These diverse characters include Junior the Evil Fanged Eyeball, Marcus the Molecule and Terra the Tapeworm (who was once a lesbian).

Sound bizarre? Maybe it is, but what's really unique about this comic is the relationship between artist and the characters. This bizarre cast are conscious of the fact that they're part of a cartoon and are capable of speaking with their creator. An introspective group of thinkers, these characters spend a great deal of their time struggling with what the meaning of life could be when one realizes that they are a cartoon character. Filled with metaphors of religion and comical debates of social commentary, *One Over Zero* is one of the most striking independent comics online.

The Underground had a chance to speak with "Tailsteak" about his work and what it's like to produce a daily web-comic in his spare time.

Underground: I don't imagine that 1/0 pays the bills but you still keep it a consistent daily. How difficult is it to balance your time with the project and still make sure it gets done on schedule?

Tailsteak: Yeah, it's been really tough to keep 1/0 daily, but I've managed. I've done strips months in advance while living in a different city from the computer with a scanner. I've done strips a day at a time while my Grandmother was dying. I can't really say what the secret is... I'm just obsessed. If you make it a routine, if you make it so that failing is literally unthinkable... you can accomplish pretty much anything.

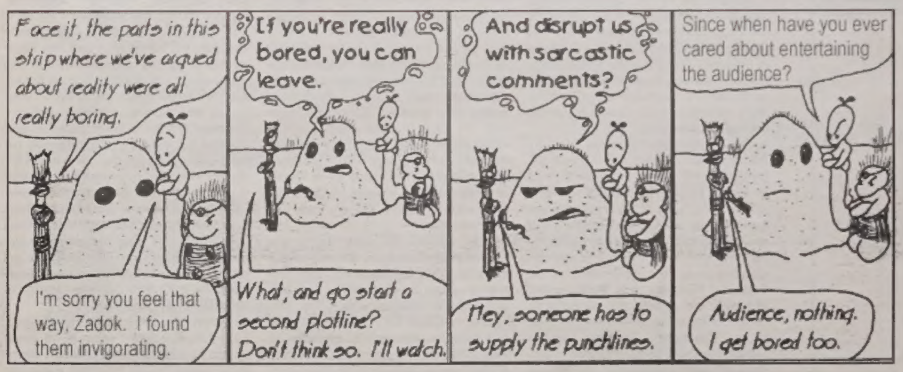
UG: Can you tell me anything about your creative process?

TS: To be honest... I can't. Sometimes I just sit down and the ideas come to me, sometimes I have conversations bouncing around in my head months in advance, sometimes it has to be forced. About the only constant is the fact that I don't question things. If I put something on my roughs page, it's very rare that it won't make it to the final product. It's very spontaneous that way.
Entire plot lines have come out of nowhere, often just based on a few lines in an earlier strip. Seemingly incidental dialogue can set off weeks' worth of material later. I guess that's how flexibility helps you.

UG: What are your inspirations online and offline?

TS: I read over a hundred online comic strips a day. I don't know how they help

get philosophical



"inspiration" wise, but they get me in the correct frame of mind. And, of course, they provided the material for my early stuff...
Offline, I'm reading a lot less than I used to, which is really too bad. I used to be a big bookworm...I try to get in a novel every now and then. You always write about as well as you read. I need to read in order to write.

UG: Before starting 1/0 had you any experience with comics? What kind of a background in writing and art did you have?

TS: I had done some short stories and such... though this was my first real attempt at computer art. In the beginning, I was still learning the fundamentals of scanning, Photoshop, etc...heck, I was using Word to make my webpages.

UG: 1/0 had an interesting development from its early stages to its current setting and cast of characters. How planned-out do you keep the story arcs?

TS: Not very. A lot of things have been really spontaneous. For example, the whole story element where Zadok, Marcus and Junior are beating out a rhythm with rocks and get carried away.. that was totally improv. Came out of nowhere. I actually tried to make an audio version of that, but it never came out right...

UG: Do you have any advice for beginner writers or artists interested in beginning a web-comic or other online publication?

TS: Write. All the time. Even if it's crap, even if it's off-topic... if you stop writing, your muscles atrophy. A daily web-comic is a nice way to start. If you can't swing that, weekly. Just produce all the time, and you won't be able to help getting better.

UG: Are you currently working on any other projects or planning any future ones, and if so could you tell us about them?

TS: I am planning a new project after 1/0 is done... it's a digital graphic novel, but it won't be published online– it'll be available for purchase on CD (or whatever medium is available by the time I'm done...). Right now it's simply referred to as "The Armadillo Project".

UG: I've noticed you like to bring topical debates into your comic and bounce arguments amongst your characters. Is this just something you do for fun, how serious are you about societal and philosophical topics you refer to, and do you have any plans to become involved in the areas you discus in your work and ramblings?

TS: Oh, it's strictly for fun. These kinds of topics are fun for my mind, but I never delve too deeply into them. I like to think that I'm encouraging others to do so, though.

Tailsteak has already begun the apocalypse of his small world. Limiting the series to a thousand strips, the project will only run for a few more months. As the characters are faced with the approaching end of their world, it'll be interesting to see how they react. *One Over Zero* is updated daily and you can find it at http://oneoverzero.keenspace.com/ along with a number of Tailsteak's own rants and side projects. Its difficult to describe the appeal of this comic strip, but with its unique and endearing characters and clever writing, *One Over Zero* can be both challenging and funny in the most enjoyable way.

> "
> ***UG: Do you have any advice for beginner writers ...?***
>
> ***TS: Write. All the time. Even if it's crap, even if it's off-topic...***

Show Host Shahmeer does it old school over the telephone while Co-host Vinh watches.

CATCH DA FLAVA!

Regent Park youth take on media arts

by Matt Capper

For most of us, Regent Park is not an area you want to visit. When traveling downtown, most of us will probably stay clear of it altogether. The general conception of this area is this: Low income housing, crime-infested and dangerous. I decided to risk my life and wonder beyond the ever-so-classy district of Toronto's Yonge-and-Dundas-area. It failed to surprise me that I was not shot at or mugged. The fact of the matter is that Regent Park only seemed as dangerous as the walk to the Fossil every Tuesday night. After all, it is Scarborough that had the highest murder rate in 2002.

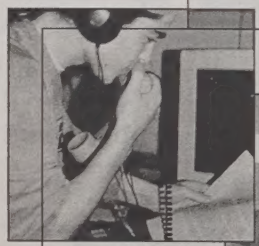
My objective was not to see if Regent Park was really as bad as it is said to be. Instead, I was invited to watch a group of young Regent Park residents, who refuse to conform to the media stereotype that has been placed on them, put on a live radio show, which discusses the issues of Regent Park and the surrounding area. The organization is called Catch Da Flava and it is the brainchild of a very enthusiastic Adonis Huggins. Catch Da Flava is part The Regent Park Focus Community Coalition Against Substance Abuse and is intended to promote a healthy community and prevent substance abuse through advocacy; awareness workshops and a media arts youth program. However, the media arts program that is the main focus of Catch Da Flava and is home to Catch Da Flava Online (established in 2001), Catch Da Flava Radio (established in 1998), Catch Da Flava newspaper (established in 1995) and E.Y.E Video (established in 1993).

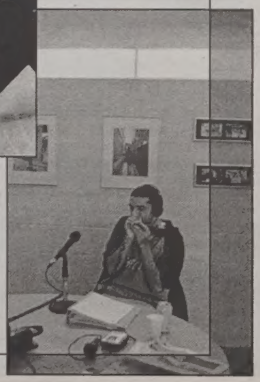
E.Y.E Video (Exploring Youth Experiences), the first of the four projects, was created to provide young people with the skills, support and resources needed to produce high quality videos that reflect what they care about. However, the youth are not just given a camera and told to go make a video. Instead they taught a variety of skills including: researching; interviewing; script development; story boarding; camera angles as well as the many different techniques of editing their movies. Along with these skills the youth involved also learn from their involvement in a team environment. The videos that have been produced through E.Y.E Video have been shown and distributed to schools, libraries and community groups in Regent Park and across Canada.

The newspaper and web page (www.catchdaflava.com) are the written sides of Catch Da Flava and they provide an arena for youth to "let it all out" and express their opinions. The print version of Catch Da Flava is published four times a year and is available for free. They currently print 10 000 copies of each issue and circulate them door to door to residents and retail stores in Regent Park and the surrounding area. Along with this the newspaper is also distributed to libraries, schools and various other locations around the GTA. The unique aspect of the newspaper, like most of the other programs, is that youth are involved in every aspect of its production and, like E.Y.E Video; they are taught all the necessary skills required to put together a great newspaper.

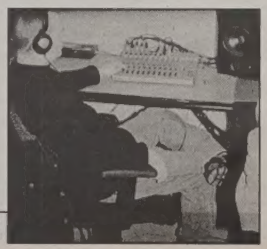
The final program, Catch Da Flava Radio, is what I was invited to watch. This 40-minute show airs on the first and third Tuesday of every month at 7:20pm on CKLN 88.1 FM. The radio show is an opportunity for the youth of the city to dispel myths and show people what they are really like. The topics range from interviews to debates and each live show is open to the public to either phone-in or watch live at the studio. The agenda on the night I was attending included a phone interview with Jack Layton, a discussion on the Regent Park development project as well as a freestyle rap about cigarettes. However, about five minutes before the show went on air it was discovered that there was a problem with the connection and the show would not be able to go on. Now at this stage most of us would of just got fed up and said forget it, but this group of very unique and talent youth did not throw in the towel. After a few minutes it was decided that the show would have to be done over the phone directly to the radio station. However, by using the phone line they were not able to do the two phone interviews as planned and ultimately had to improvise throughout the show. It was quite an unusual sight watching from the audience seats, however they did an amazing and truly impressive job. I think under the circumstances even Mad Dog and Billy would of choked.

Catch Da Flava and The Regent Park Focus program seem to be great programs and from what I can tell, seem to be having the desired effect within the community. Sponsors for Catch Da Flava range form the Dr. Scholls Foundation to The New Ontario Trillium Foundation and local supporters such as CKLN 88.1 FM Toronto and the Metro Toronto Housing Authority. For more information on Catch Da Flava or to offer you services as a volunteer you can check out their web page at www.catchdaflava.com or if you are willing to brave the cold weather (cause really that seemed to be the only danger), you could go down to the center and check it out, they are located at 600 Dundas St. E in the rear basement.





Simon Freestyles through the phone about cigarettes (above); While Shahmeer provides the beat (right)



Behind the scenes in the sound room

UNDERGROUND TEXTS

Tired of **students ripping down your ads**, although they are stamped...

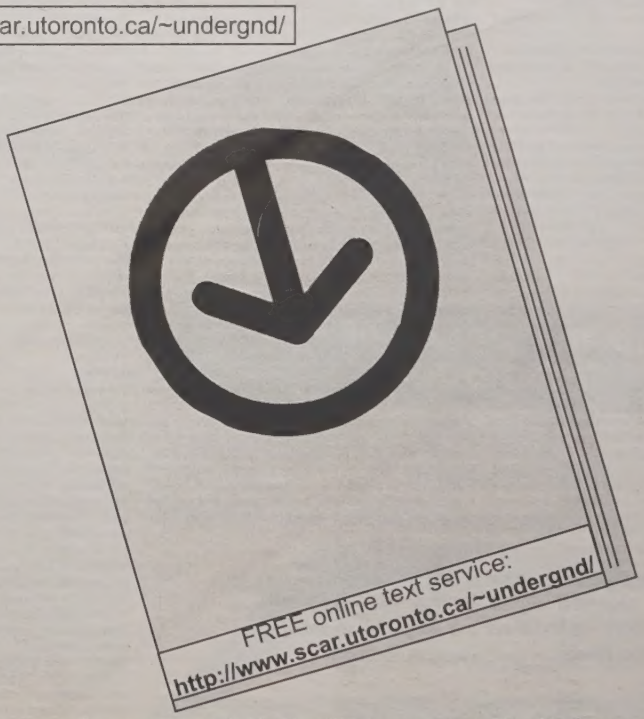
Don't want to **walk over to the board everyday** and search for text book ads...

Tired of **spending time making and posting up** ads...

" UTSC students deserve their own collective text book ad website!!! "

So don't bother wasting your valuable time, just remember this simple website:

http://www.scar.utoronto.ca/~undergnd/



FREE text service courtesy of UTSC's offical newspaper **The Underground**

groundworks

groundworks

Raiders

David Hale

The stunball exploded in the small glass-lined Security checkpoint. The concussion of the blast tossed the guards inside against the walls and bulletproof glass like ragdolls. Haze shot the rest of his team a quick grin before moving down the office lined hallway past the checkpoint. Morgan in the lead, he guided them into the beginning of the maze of passageways that lay ahead of them. A heavy hand on his shoulder stopped him in his tracks.

"Hey Morgan, I gots' ta find a place to set dis up..." Jester hissed at him in a low whisper, affectionately patting the backpack that he wore.

Nodding, Morgan sidled up to one of the rooms. Peering into the opaque glass he listened intently before motioning towards the door. Jester smiled in understanding and gave it a good solid kick. The door splintered open, revealing a moderately well-furnished office. Entering, Jester slung the backpack to the floor with a grunt. Dropping into a cross-legged sitting position he began to assemble the equipment that it carried.

"What's our remaining window of time?" Zen asked, directing the comment to the room as she moved to the comfortable chair behind the mock oak desk.

Morgan checked his wrist chron. 23:47:24. "Twelve minutes until shift change."

"And at least an hour before those dreking guards wake up," laughed Haze with a pleased grin, his stubby legs dangling from his position on the desk.

"Which means," continued Morgan flatly. "We have roughly ten minutes to breach the security vault, and get outta here with the goods."

Zen nodded in understanding and turned her attention to the half-assembled machinery that Jester was working on. "And how long's that drone gonna take, omae?"

"Only another nano or two chummer," replied Jester without looking up, his tongue lolling out of the corner of his mouth in concentration.

"Good, cuz that's all you got, " said Morgan his face emotionless. 'That's right, go cold,' he thought. 'Go cold and if any drek goes down, you'll be frosty.' He'd been trying to reassure himself ever since they entered the Renraku Complex. The building itself whispered to him reminding of his fears. He'd nearly fainted when they had stumbled upon the security checkpoint and that guard had pulled a gun on them. Trying to relieve some of the stress he was feeling he glanced at his chummers. Zen, the decker, was an absolutely gorgeous woman. She looked like a norm in every respect, except for the two tiny pearl white tusks that protruded slightly from her bottom jaw, giving away her ork heritage. A large tattoo of a cybernetic dragon adorned one side of her face, two glittering datajacks in her left temple served as its eyes. Dressed in tight fitting combat black, she was stunning enough to make the pope rethink his vows. Jester, was a rarity in Seattle. The massive troll dwarfed Morgan by a good half meter. Morgan who stood taller than average for humans, was at first taken aback by this. But now it was Jester's overall jovial attitude and the fact that he was a rigger that shocked him. Haze, a dwarf, was an old friend of Morgan's, if you could call him a friend. His obese face was always twisted into a scowl, and his less than cheery disposition left much to be desired.

Haze broke the silence as a match flared to life in his right hand. A moment later he teased the end of a nicostik with the small flame. Exhaling a long stream of bluish-gray smoke he tossed the match to the carpeted floor.

Stepping quickly across the room, Morgan extinguished the flame with the sole of his boot.

"You shouldn't smoke those chummer, they're bad for yer health."

Haze scowl deepened and he blew a cloud of the gray smoke in Morgan's face. "Frag you omae, livin' is bad for my health."

Morgan waved the putrid cloud away from him as he choked. Turning away in disgust he spied Jester on the floor. The GM-Nissan Doberman Combat Drone that laid in pieces only a moment ago, was completely assembled. Jester stood next to it, hunching as he fastened the Ingram Valiant LMG onto the drone's hardpoint. Producing a rigger deck from the bottom of the backpack, he drew the long jack cord from the side of the deck and plugged it into one of the two datajacks behind his ear. Typing a few commands the drone came to life and wheeled about in a small circle.

"Okay boys and girls, me and Chatty Cathy are on-line and ready to roll."

Haze burst into a fit of laughter, "Chatty Cathy! Of all the stupid..."

"I call her dat..." interrupted Jester quickly. "...Cuz whenever me and her get into trouble, Cathy here starts chattin' fire and the trouble goes away."

Haze's laughter died instantly as the drone rotated towards him and aimed its Ingram Valiant at his chest.

Jester grinned again and handed his Remmington 990 to Morgan. "Here chummer, hang on to dis fer me, I gots my hands full wit' da deck."

Morgan nodded and accepted the shotgun and an ammo belt of shells as well. Buckling the belt around his waist he moved to the door. He checked his chron again, 23:51:34.

"Okay chummers our window is now eight minutes and ticking. Let's bag our goods so we can all go home."

Nodding their understanding they followed Morgan into the long hallway. Stealthily moving across the concrete floor, the only sound heard was the soft padding of feet and the low "whirr" of the drone's engine. Guiding his teammates on memory alone, Morgan walked through a short series of hallways, bringing them to a halt just shy of the second checkpoint. Across a large foyer, in a couch filled lobby that was the main entrance to the Renraku building sat a security desk. Two security guards sat quietly behind the desk. The one on the left, an elf, seemed to be watching a vidscreen filled wall that had security readouts of the entire building. The human on the right was connected to the desk by a long cord that was plugged into his temple. Possibly jacked into the internal matrix for the building. Morgan stopped short plastering himself against the hallway wall.

"Two Sec men, behind the lobby desk," he reported back in a whisper.

"I'll handle it," Zen said with only a moment's hesitation. Stepping out into the lobby she seductively walked across the foyer towards the desk. The elf on the left looked up first, an expression of shock crossing his face. Tapping his friend on the shoulder he pointed towards Zen. Before they could move another muscle Zen ripped twin Walther PB-120's from inside her jacket. Squeezing the trigger quickly a few silenced rounds tore into the stunned faces of the Sec men. The explosive rounds detonated on impact shattering their unarmored skulls. The vidscreen lined wall behind them was sprayed with a thick crimson liquid. Holstering her weapons she dashed to the desk. Shoving the human's headless corpse to the floor with her boot, she dropped herself into the still warm chair. Retrieving the dangling jackcord from the floor, she plugged it into the hitcher slot on the side of her CMT Avatar cyberdeck. Drawing out the cord from her deck she inserted it into one of the glittering datajacks in her temple.

The rest of her team moved into the room taking up strategic positions. Morgan blanched at the sight of the blood. He turned away, pretending to be keeping an eye on the front doors. Feeling bile rise up in his throat he gagged but managed to keep his lunch down. Haze moved over to stand behind Zen. Running a finger through the dripping icor that stained the wall, he rubbed it between a thumb and forefinger thoughtfully. "Ruthless," he smiled. "I like it."

Zen sneered momentarily at him before concentrating on the data that was filling her head.

As she closed her eyes the matrix expanded and filled her consciousness. The electron world of the matrix gave her a bird's eye view of the Renraku Building. The giant black pyramid lay before her. The image changed as her view spiraled around the peak, and ran down the sloping wall to stop at the front doors. Fingers clicking on the keypad of her cyberdeck, she slipped inside. Zen's persona icon, a cybernetic dragon that resembled the tattoo that adorned her body, stood inside a room made of granite. With her razor sharp claws clicking on the stone, she glanced about the room. On the floor in the center of the expansive entranceway was a large woven rug with the embossed Renraku logo in the center of it. Unintelligible hieroglyphics were carved into the granite walls. At the end of the room sat a stone altar, where the security desk stood in reality. Behind the altar sat two dog-faced knowbots. With a few keystrokes Zen masked her icon, making it resemble the corporation's environment. Her persona flickered for nanosecond and then retook the image of a human faced sphinx, which she knew to be used by the corp.'s system operators.

"Greetings sir," chimed one of the knowbots in a synthesized voice.

She sent back a formal greeting as she simultaneously opened another window. A couple of keystrokes later she stepped into the backdoor she had created and slid into the corp.'s databanks. Loading her sleaze file,

Squeezing the trigger quickly a few silenced rounds tore into the stunned faces of the Sec men. The explosive rounds detonated on impact shattering their unarmored skulls.

she slipped undetected past some waiting Black IC. After a quick scan, she found what she was looking for. A 2-D security layout opened before her eyes. In the western sector, a flashing red light indicated that a silent alarm had been tripped. Quickly rerouting the alarm to another sector far from their position, she downloaded the location of the high security vault and jacked out.

The ringing of the alarm reached her before any of her other senses came on-line.

"What the frag did you do?" asked Morgan with a concerned look on his face. In actuality the look was from his attempt to focus on Zen and not the gore behind her.

"A silent alarm was triggered, so I rerouted it across the building. Most if not all of the guards headed in this direction should go there first, if were lucky," Zen replied coolly.

"Good thinking," replied Morgan clapping her on the shoulder.

Zen smiled triumphantly and slung her cyberdeck over her shoulder. The runners moved out into the hallway in the direction of the vault.

* * * *

A dull thud resonated from inside the guard's helmet as the butt of Morgan's shotgun slammed heavily into it. Stumbling backwards, the guard fell to the ground as Morgan clubbed him again. Haze's sidekick sent the second guard into the wall. Zen lashed out and chopped him in the throat where his helmet didn't protect. Coughing, the guard clutched his neck, and then doubled over as Zen savagely brought her knee up into his stomach forcing the wind out of him. Bringing down his elbow heavily, Haze knocked the guard to the floor. It seemed that the resistance that they had received outside the vault was a little more than they had bargained for. Gunfire belched from the mouth of the mounted Ingram Valiant leaving an arc of death in its wake. Bullets bounced off the drone's armored hide as the guards returned fire. Shots blazed around Morgan like fireworks. Shells tearing through the Sec team's heavy armor like paper, ripping away bloody chunks.

Morgan shuddered as he watched the gruesome display. His head spinning he sank to the floor, awful memories rushing back to him.

The screams, the horror. The chattering guns barking like rabid dogs. People being cut down and dismembered by full-auto fire. The floor slick with ooze.

Morgan huddled on the floor holding his head. Shots skipped on the concrete centimeters away from his prone body. A dull moan of extreme terror escaped his lips.

His head lolled as powerful hands gripped his armored jacket, pulling, dragging him into the mild safety of the alcove that led into the vault.

"Morgan, you okay? Hey Morgan, you been hit?" asked a concerned voice.

The blurred form in Morgan's vision slowly came into focus. Jester was crouching over Morgan, his hands checking him for any sign of injury.

"You okay Morga…" Jester's voice trailed off into a grunt of pain as a round ripped into his side. The bullet penetrated shattering a rib and puncturing his lung. The impact from the blow tossed the huge troll to the ground. Jester lay sprawled next to the body of a dead security guard, gripping his side in surprise. Shock stopped him from fully experiencing the pain. Morgan watched as his friend's hand came away from his side smeared with blood.

Something snapped inside Morgan. Shaking his head he pushed himself to his feet. Snatching the Remmington 990 from the floor, he staggered towards the guards heedless of the bullets ricocheting around him.

"I'm not going to let this happen… I'm not going to let this happen… I'm not going to let this happen again!" Morgan cried out, tears streaming down his contorted face. Bringing the shotgun to bear, he let loose in a frenzy of shells. Working like a killing machine he slapped the trigger rapidly, the gun bucking in his hand. Three quick shots sent a guard reeling. Two more fell before the remaining guards began to retreat to the safety of the intersecting hallway. With Morgan keeping the guards at bay, Zen got to work on the electronic keypad that would open the doors to the vault.

"Holy drek, Jester's been hit!" cried Haze hurrying to his side. Placing his hands on the wound Haze concentrated. Slowly he began to weave the incantation of a spell in his mind. From the wound a soft glow began to emanate. Warmth spread through Jester's side. As the spell took effect the puncture in the lung began to close, and the shattered remnants of rib started reforming together. As the hole in Jester's side began to close and the rib strengthened, the pained look on Jester's face eased. The spell finished, Haze sagged back heavily against the wall, the effort visibly sapping him. Lighting a nicostik he inhaled deeply.

The last of the guards having been killed or driven off, Morgan stood in the corpse-lined hallway, his now empty shotgun clicking in rapid succession. Dropping the useless weapon he sank to the floor. Putting his head in his hands he began to sob uncontrollably. Haze glanced over at him weakly. Not knowing what to do he ignored it and took a long draw from his nicostik. Jester sat up, rubbing his side in wonder. Staggering over to Morgan, he laid a large hand gently on his shoulder. Zen glanced at them for a moment before splicing two wires together. With a hiss the doors to the vault slid open.

Smiling to herself she abandoned the mass of crisscrossing wires and moved toward the vault. Haze saw this and lept to his feet. Grabbing her arm he held her back, "Woah, easy there chummer." he said quickly.

She scowled at him and tried to pull away. Haze held fast and blew a long stream of smoke into the vault. The smoke wafted into the room illuminating a web-like pattern of crisscrossing laser tripwires. Zen's scowl faded and she stopped struggling as she looked into the room. The lasers weaved themselves into a spider's web pattern, encircling the matte black 'Renraku Raider' cyberdeck that sat upon the pedestal in the center of the room. Zen let out a small gasp and stared at the deck in a trance.

Morgan had quieted, and with the help of Jester he joined his friends standing at the door of the vault. He felt weak, the emotional display and his frenzy had taken a lot out of him. Steeling his voice he asked, "Is that the package chummers?"

Zen nodded dazedly, "How do we get past the lasers."

Jester who hadn't seen the light show frowned in question. Haze blew another stream of smoke into the room in answer.

"Oh, *those* lasers," Jester replied with a grin. "Why can't we just walk in and get it."

"If we try that chummer, the external alarm will sound, and Lone Star will be on us in a matter of minutes. Plus, disturbing the lasers will seal this vault up tighter than a whale's asshole," replied Zen dreamily.

"We don't have to get past them," replied Haze lighting a second and a third nicostik. "It will come to us."

"You always were a lazy slotter," laughed Morgan softly.

Haze shot him a glance over his shoulder. With a frown he began puffing heavily on the three nicostiks. Blowing the smoke into the room, the lasers refracted on it illuminating a thin weave of blue light. Haze began to concentrate. Slowly, minutely, the black cyberdeck began to rise. It trembled and wavered as it lifted into the air. As the spell took hold, Haze guided the small black cyberdeck through the treacherous maze of crisscrossing lines. Beads of sweat appeared on Haze's forehead as he moved the deck down a bit, sliding it slowly past a tripwire. The whole team caught their breath as the deck suddenly faltered and dropped towards a triangle of light. Haze put all his focus onto the deck. Fighting to stay conscious and to keep the package under control, he closed his eyes. As the deck dropped lower and lower towards disaster Zen gasped. When suddenly the deck leveled out. Turning at the last second, it plunged millimeters from the net of laser beams. Changing direction it swooped low, cut to the left, and rocketed upward. Like a black flying carpet it soared across the room and landed in Zen's outstretched arms.

Everyone let out a sigh of relief.

Haze sagged heavily, the nicostiks falling from his mouth. The spent butts sparking slightly as they hit the ground. Morgan stepped forward and gripped Haze's arm, steadying the dwarf before he could crash to the floor. Haze smiled his thanks and gripped Morgan's shoulder weakly.

"Let's get the hell outta here."

Four figures rushed out of the protective shadows at the side of the building. Dashing for their lives across the open expanse that separated the runners from the awaiting Ford Canada Bison. The team charged ahead as they ran into a passing patrol of guards. Gaining distance, Morgan fired a few wild shots at the pursuing guards trying to scatter them. As they got to the truck, Jester flung open the doors and clambered in, Zen and Haze right behind him. Morgan lunged into the open door slamming it behind him. He braced himself as the Bison sped off into the night...

$$$ Available For Special Projects

From: Council on Student Services - Enhancement Fund
Purpose: For projects enhancing student life at UTSC i.e. club events, cultural events or artistic presentations etc.

This is an opportunity to provide student initiatives extra funding!

Who qualifies for the student enhancement fund??
Please refer to **http://www.utsc.utoronto.ca/~css/** for more information.
Or the Office of Student Affaires and Services

Project Submission Deadlines:

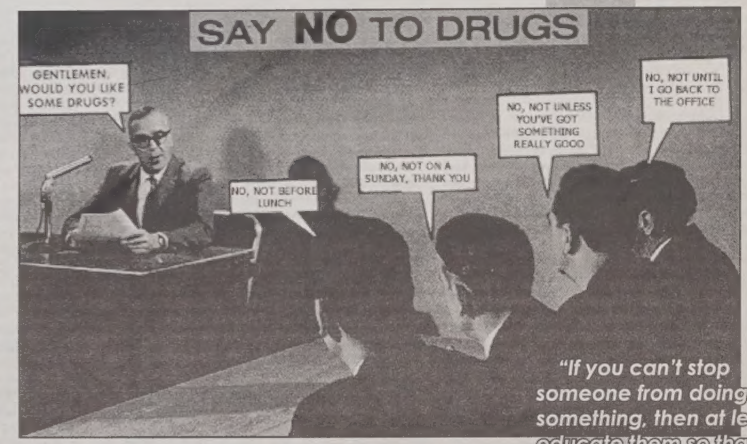
1. **Monday, January 21st, 2003**
2. **Monday, March 18th, 2003**

life

HARM REDUCTION

When "Just Say No" Becomes "Just Say Blow"

by Sachin "Clean Needles" Hingoo
Associate Editor



It's a controversial practice. Some say that it not only condones the use of drugs, but that it actively encourages it. However, in these modern times (and how long have I been waiting to use that phrase), where the "Say No To Drugs" rhetoric of the 1980's is long outdated and ignored by many, it might just be the solution that we've sought after.

The idea behind harm reduction is simple: If you can't stop someone from doing something, then at least educate them so that they can do it safely. That 'something' is usually some sort of behaviour that is frowned upon or condemned by authority figures, but is still practiced by a large part of the population. In its early stages, harm reduction was primarily focused on sexual activity among young people. Because this behaviour was and still is demonized by a large part of society, it became difficult for young people to obtain things like contraceptives and information on diseases without revealing, to a possibly unsympathetic authority figure, that they are engaging in this type of behaviour. Of course, if you remember your Grade 6 Health class, you might recall seeing such films as "I Am Joe's Testicles" or for the ladies, "Joe's Ovaries". These films, and almost every piece of information on sex that you've received through a school, free clinic, or hospital, all the way down to those condoms in your frosh kit are examples of harm reduction. They (doctors, educators, counselors, frosh leaders, etc) know you're probably going to do it anyway, so they've taken steps to ensure that you know what you're doing, and that you'll do it safely.

My question is, if this has worked so well with sexual safety, then why hasn't harm reduction been implemented for things like drug-use? Well, actually it has, though you may not necessarily know about it if you're not a fan of techno. An organization called TRIP (Toronto Raver Information Project) came together in 1995, and has dedicated itself to helping people make "healthy and wise choices" in the behaviour in which they choose to engage. As their name suggests, this organization caters primarily to "party kids", but their services are available and helpful to anyone that might need them. What is startling to me is that there is little awareness about these services, and that more schools are not making TRIP's, or similar organizations', information about drug-use harm reduction available to students. The misguided attitudes that had us believing that sex education leads to sexual activity are of the very same kind that purport that education about safe drug-use will lead to increased use of those mind-altering substances that we love so much. Perhaps a wake-up call is needed to those in charge – a person with the intent of shooting up is probably going to shoot up whether you condemn them for it or not. What can be done is to provide access to information for that person so that they can go about their business in an intelligent manner (for example, "Maybe using that dirty needle you found in the dumpster behind the hospital isn't the best idea, you fucking automaton!"). The City of Vancouver has already instituted harm reduction techniques, such as needle-exchanges and safe-injection rooms for their fiending population of heroin addicts and there has been talk in the social-services sector, right here in Toronto, of doing the same.

TRIP Headquarters has drop-in hours at the Queen West Community Health Centre (168 Bathurst St., just south of Queen West) every Tuesday and Thursday from 5pm to 8pm. You can drop by, grab pamphlets, information, and condoms, or to ask questions. They can also refer you to health services in and around Toronto.

You can contact TRIP by phone at 416-504-6131 or by e-mail at *trip@ctchc.com*

No worries, they have no interest in ratting you out to the po-po. What you do is your business, and that's the way it should be.

"If you can't stop someone from doing something, then at least educate them so that they can do it safely."

"A person with the intention of shooting up is probably going to shoot up whether you condemn them for it or not. What can be done is to provide access to information for that person so that they can go about their business in an intelligent manner..."

Spring Break
PARTY TRIPS!
Book Now, Space Limited!!
20,000 students partied with us last year!
Quebec City from $229
(Optional Snowboard/Ski trips!)
Daytona Beach from $199
Panama City Beach from $299
Acapulco from $1249
To book a Breakway Tours package, contact:
TRAVEL CUTS
www.travelcuts.com
Tour operated by Breakaway Tours Ont. Reg. #'s 2267878 & 2422707. Prices will vary depending on departure point. Above prices based on max. occupancy. Call for hotel options, taxes and transportation info. Complete terms and conditions available at time of booking.

The Likable Assholes

Or how many dicks does it take to get to the center of pop culture?

Satan's Bakesale

Andrew C. Epstein, (TLOD)

I'll start off by admitting that I'm a bit of a pop culture glutton. However over the years my interest has waned a bit, and nothing of my addiction to all-things-celebrity remains… except one. My dedicated subscription to Rolling Stone magazine still remains, and for the last three years I have absorbed this magazine willingly into my conscious mind. But over the past little while I've been losing interest in it, particularly because of something that I've noticed. They've begun to treat assholes as if they were really good people. But when I read the cover story of the latest issue, I realized that they were talentless assholes too.

This was revealed to me in a cover story on Justin Timberlake, my nomination for biggest asshole in the universe. He revealed that he had an Oedipal connection to his mother and that an inability to find a girl like his mother is what caused all three of his ex's to cheat on him. He also describes his sex life in detail to his mother (who asks him to stop). But here's how he's described by the writer: "So that's the way it is with him. The girls he loves apparently cheat on him. It's an embarrassing thing, especially for a star of Timberlake's magnitude; but worse, its' a terrible personal ragedy, excruciating to the heart and a burden on the soul."

Really? Is that so? As we speak, there are people out there who have lost their only source of income, people who are locked up for things they didn't do, people who don't make a tenth of what Justin Timberlake makes and still suffer. Those are the real kinds of personal tragedies. Don't get me wrong, I like a good gossip story as well as the next person. But the idea that someone would attempt to describe such small circumstances in such large terms disgusts me. So this got me thinking that our culture really enjoys sympathizing with assholes.

Perhaps it's rebellion against the christian morality that has people becoming so enamoured with idiots. But rather I think it's a general drop in standards. Not just any asshole with marginal talent and a maternal fetish could become famous. People don't need to have a baby-face and a large crucifix to be cool. There should be some sort of form for people to fill out if they want to be famous. If they hit higher than 8 on the asshole scale then they wouldn't be allowed to be popular. That way we wouldn't have journalists who gush over every sleazebag that puts out an album.

But this is not my dream world. So it seems that the reason more and more assholes keep popping up in media is because people keep demanding them. I suppose that could be because most people are pretty self-absorbed, so they like other people that are self-absorbed. To be honest I don't know. But every day real television, film, and music is passed over so that people like David E. Kelly, Russell Crowe, and Justin Timberlake can permeate our consciousness.

At this point I'm beginning to feel that people don't realize that their entertainment has to provide them with something beyond a cheap thrill. Entertainment, even the stuff that's only meant to be fun, has to have some level of thought in it. If it doesn't it just becomes vacuous space. It's that line that Adam Sandler used to teeter on, there has to be a divide. Don't just give your hero worship to some asshole. If you need a baby-face that desperately, I offer this humble suggestion:

Resolution Manifesto: Phase One

Acknowledging the Irritants in You

Frog In My Throat

Merika Ramundo

Aside from the Dick Clark special and consuming copious amounts of alcohol, my New Year's Eve is always spent looking back at the year and looking forward to the exciting changes that I will set into motion once January 1st kicks in. I have always been an optimist at heart and although my resolutions almost never pan through, I still make them because it gives me hope. Some past resolutions have included the standards – to lose those love handles (or as I like to call them, my nutellas), to eat in a healthy manner, to spend more time relaxing and less time running around like a chicken without a head, to find myself and maybe lose myself again… etc. This year, however, I have decided that my resolution will be to do one thing and one thing only - it will be my mission to purge all the negativity that I bring to the world around me in the hopes that others will follow suit. I'm going to start with phase one of my resolution manifesto by taking this opportunity to list my pet peeves so as to rid myself of these personal vexations once and for all!

Why start with the pet peeve you may ask? Let's take the pet peeve and bring it down to its essence. The pet peeve is usually something that annoys one so much that he/she is moved to gripe about it. The operative word here is moved. Although the pet peeve may be something fairly small in the scope of things, it's much more powerful than we think, so much so that people, even the polite ones, verbalize their hate for it. The power of the peeve may stem from its tendency to be repeated and ultimately irritating, or maybe it is that the peeve tends to be conducive to acts that disgust us, but one thing is for sure – the pet peeve is relative. For some it may be something set in morality like "People steal my ideas and then take all the credit for themselves!", for others it could be sensory like "The sound of fingernails scratching a chalk board", and still for several it may be rooted in absurdity like "My peeve is people who like drama and like you staring at them from the next lane? Tinted windows or not, Kleenex says bless you.

I hate it when people suck the phlegm from inside their nose and spit it out through their mouths. My ex-housemate used to wake me up every morning with this wonderfully horrific "horking" sound. He claimed it cleared his insides. I claim only hockey players should do this while they are on the ice…far, far away from me.

Another pet peeve is people who interrupt me while I'm speaking. This shows poor listening skills. On that same note, people who pretend to listen to me but are really thinking about telling the story that will top mine are just plain irritating. Just be and take it all in. Let the person finish talking. Oh yeah, and think before you say something stupid.

Escalator etiquette. Stand right, walk left.

Bureaucratic red tape of any color, shape or form.

Waiting for the not so good things. Anything that wastes my time makes me frustrated.

So what do all these pet peeves say about me? I have some ideas but I would rather let you tell me.

Underground readers: What do you think my peeves say about me? What are the little things that drive you insane? I know there are people out there reading this column…you've told me so, so e-mail me at: *ramundoelmundo@yahoo.ca* or you will become pet peeve #8.

P.S. I also hate typing when my hands are cold…like today.

diversions

diversions

by Kelly Lisle
& Ayshia Degia

Conspiracy theories- true or false?

It's winter, the time of year when your mind start[illegible] with you. Is it the lack of sunshine? Is it the lack[illegible] Is it a government plot to make winter suck, ther[illegible] to purchase wagon loads of unnecessary goods [illegible] of making everyone look the fool for hoarding aw[illegible] Conspiracy theories abound this time of year, an[illegible] their lives in fear of this secret knowledge, which may or may not be true. Below is a list of things for you to think about and decide, true or false?

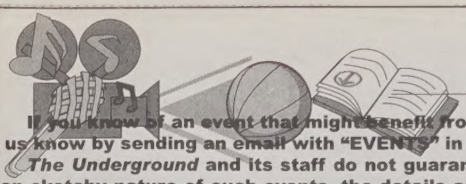
1. Big Brother is watching all of us via satellites in the night sky, which look surprisingly like stars. (Discovered by a man who is a suspected pigeon eater)
2. There exist vast databases of information on each and every household in the country, so precise that they can custom-make those annoying coupon packages to suit your exact buying patterns.
3. The success of abstract expressionism as an art movement can be attributed almost entirely to the CIA for the purposes of the Cold War.
4. Mormons have secret underground tunnels in Salt Lake City.
5. People have been known to plant tiny video cameras in smoke detectors in order to monitor your every move.
6. Using the powers of alien forces, UTSC residence student Paul Hunter influenced fellow rez person Crazy Joe to hold his annual birthday bus trip the same day as Paul's own birthday in order to steal Joe's thunder.
7. Google.com can identify your computer by IP address and through your cookies, and they log every single thing you search and that information can be used by the government against you.
8. Genetically modified food and radiated food products are actually part of a nationwide test on human mutations.
9. Disney owns approximately half of everything in the entire world, and is trying to influence children to become drones for their evil empire through subliminal imagery in their animated films.
10. Dave Grohl is an alien and he killed Kurt Cobain because he was jealous and wanted to be the leader of his own band, appropriately named Foo Fighters.
11. Enough sunlight falls on the earth in one minute to fuel the energy needs of the entire world for a whole day, but world leaders refuse to do anything about it because it would mean a huge economic loss to public electricity manufacturers, and little or no need for nuclear production.
12. The "double cohort" is actually a secret government ploy in conjunction with CanCopy to inject millions of dollars into the economy by forcing high school students to leave a year earlier, and to gradually lengthen university programs to five years, thus making millions off the sale of additional textbooks, and the use of course readers.

NOTE: The decision to withhold the answers to the logic puzzles was part of a secret ploy to hurt you. It was not; I repeat not, a product of laziness or lack of motivation. Rest assured, the answers are thus:

29 -Each person paid $9, totalling $27. The manager has $25 and the bellboy $2. The bellboy's $2 should be added to the manager's $25 or subtracted from the tenants' $27, not added to the tenants' $27.

Bookworm - On a book shelf the first page of the first volume is on the "inside" so the bookworm eats only through the cover of the first volume, then 8 times 1000 pages of Volumes 2 - 9, then through the cover to the 1st page of Vol 10. He eats 8,000 pages. If the bookworm ate the first page and the last page, it ate 8,004 pages.

Camels -The Wiseman tells them to switch camels.



events

If you know of an event that might benefit from a little bit of buzz (i.e. Ticketmaster is not involved) let us know by sending an email with "EVENTS" in the subject line to: *undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca*

***The Underground* and its staff do not guarantee any information printed in this listing. Do to the often sketchy nature of such events, the details are liable to change, or be outright false. Make use of any contact information provided beforehand.... and otherwise, have fun!**

Ongoing. Jan/Feb Mambo Italiano. "Coming out has never been so much fun." Elgin Theater. Info at 416.593.4142.

Ongoing. Writing Center Seminars. A must attend for most UTSC students. Topics include passive sentences, introductions and conclusions, thesis statements, and conjunctions. Check your local wall for an ad or the Writing center in the Library for more information (date, time, topics)

Ongoing. Be involved in human rights. Hope-Cards are currently posted on Amnesty International's bulletin boards across from the H-wing cafeteria, as well as outside B-505. Stop by and sign them.

Ongoing. Be a statistic! Sign up for psychology experiments outside of S-319. Promote human understanding. Sometimes they give you money...

Ongoing. Lee Bul and Art Of The Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, to Mar 2, Liu Jian talk 6:30 pm Jan 22. $4,-students $2, free Wed 5-8 pm. THE POWER PLANT (231 Queen's Quay W.) 416-973-4949.

Jan. 22 YES to Human Cloning. a public lecture and presentation, brought to you by The Raelian Movement! OISE Rm 5-185, 252 Bloor Street W. (at St. George Subway). Free.

Jan 22 POUND Open Turntables Night. Stop being a poser. The Drink (398 Richards). Contact SPK at skarl@poundrecordings.com. Free.

Jan. 23 Coach House Books Release Party, for Steve McCaffery's *Seven Pages Missing Volume Two* and Karen Mc Cormack's *At Issue*. 8pm, @ Cobalt, 426 College (at Bathurst)

Jan. 23 LOST BY AN ECHO, UTSC's Emorock band. The 360 bar, 19+ $5

Jan. 23 Drum Social, Native Canadian Centre of Toronto. 16 Spadina Rd. North of Bloor. 7 - 9pm.

Jan. 23 Bossa Nova Night, in the Arbor Room, Hart House. 9pm. Presented by O.L.A.S and featuring music by Solo Sol.

Jan. 24 Full bodied jazz in a rich style. Arbor Room, Hart House. 9pm. Free.

Jan 24 Diya...The Flame That Lights the Soul. Put on by the Pakistani Students Association. All welcome. Strictly Formal event. More info at www.psautsc.tk, or call Sophia at 416.995.3344. Tickets $35+. Woodbine Banquet and Convention hall.

Jan. 24 SCSU Fashion Show

Jan 25 PLEASURES OF SIN feat. DJ's Patrick DSP, Philth, Remedi, Apathy and more. 298 Brunswick (Labyrinth). $5, 19+, 10PM-3AM

Jan 28 JENG YI (Korean Drum Ensemble). The Cultural Affairs Music Committee presents MUSIC OF ALL LATITUDES. 6PM in the Meeting Place. PYWC.

Jan 28 MORCHEEBA make their first Toronto appearance since their last one. Opera House, $27.

Jan. 28 SCSU Spring Election Nomination Period - Opens

Jan. 29 Noon-hour Student Recitals, in the Music Room, Hart House. Noon to 3pm. Free.

Jan. 29 Canadian Blood Services Blood Donor Clinic in the Meeting Place

Jan 30-ongoing. Co-ed Naked Interhouse Volleyball. Well, not really naked. But sign up anyway. Put together a team of 6-10 for $20 at the Athletic center service desk. Games last all semester and are on Thursdays from 4-7.

Feb 1 DARKRAVE v.36 Dj's Paladin 5.0, Grimace, Lazarus, Phink and more spin for people wearing black. Big Bop/ Reverb (651 Queen St. W.)

Feb 1 BHANGRA NATION World Bhangra and Dhol Cup. Bhangra masters around the world gather to compete for $2000 and the Bhangra World Cup. Teams from UK, Scotland, Canada and the US. La Suhaag Banquets (75 Hedgedale Rd.) for info call 416-737-4371

TOWN HALL MEETINGS ON ACADEMIC PLANNING

VELUT ARBOR ÆVO

The Provost's Office launched the next academic planning process in mid December by posting "green papers" at **http://www.utoronto.ca/plan2003**. A "green paper" is issued for a consultative phase that precedes the drafting of a planning or policy document. The "green paper" phase of planning aims to elicit campus-wide discussion about priorities for the next academic plan. The green papers have also been published in the January 13th issue of the Bulletin.

During January and February, Provost Shirley Neuman will be holding a series of Town Hall meetings to discuss the "green papers". This is an opportunity for all members of the University community to contribute their ideas and their sense of priorities to the academic planning process. **Please encourage your faculty colleagues, and your graduate and undergraduate students to attend one of these meetings and please attend yourself.** All members of the University—students, faculty, staff and alumni—are strongly encouraged to participate in one or more of these fora to share their questions, ideas and responses with each other and the Provost.

Following this consultation, a draft academic plan for the 2003-2009 period will be drafted. It will be circulated for further discussion before being taken to Governing Council in late spring.

The calendar for the Town Hall meetings follows:

Friday, January 10, 2003
2:30 pm - 4:00 pm
Innis College, Town Hall, Room 112
2 Sussex Avenue

Tuesday, January 14, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Medical Science Building
MacLeod Auditorium, Room 2158
1 King's College Circle

Wednesday, January 15, 2003
4:00 pm - 5:30 pm
Victoria University
Isabel Bader Theatre
93 Charles Street

Thursday, January 16, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
Bahen Centre Information Technology
Auditorium, Room 1160
40 St. George Street

Monday, January 20, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University College
Room 140
15 King's College Circle

Friday, January 24, 2003
1:00 pm - 2:30 pm
University of Toronto at Mississauga
Matthews Auditorium
Kaneff Centre, Room 137
3359 Mississauga Road North

Monday, January 27, 2003
2:00 pm - 3:30 pm
Trinity College
George Ignatieff Theatre
15 Devonshire Place

Wednesday, January 29, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
St. Michael's College
Alumni Hall, Room 100
121 St. Joseph Street

Friday, January 31, 2003
10:00 am - 11:30 am
Earth Sciences Centre, Room 1050
25 Wilcocks Street

Monday, February 3, 2003
9:00 am - 10:30 am
OISE/UT
Auditorium, Room G162
252 Bloor Street West

Wednesday, February 5, 2003
3:00 pm - 4:30 pm
University of Toronto at Scarborough
Humanities Wing, 2nd floor, Room 216
1265 Military Trail

Friday, February 14, 2003
10:00 am- 11:30 am
New College
Wilson Hall Amphitheatre, Room 1016
30 Wilcocks Street

queer corner

NEW BULLETIN BOARD FOR LGBTQ!

Staff, students and faculty seeking Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered, Queer (LGBTQ) resources and information can now check out the new bulletin board in the 3rd Floor Hallway of the Bladen Building, next to the Office of Student Affairs.

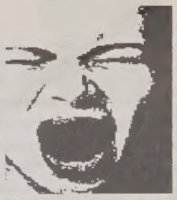
The bulletin board will post information and events from the Principal's Advisory Committee on Positive Space, LGBTQ@SC, the Office of Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender, Queer Resources & Programs (St. George), and LGBTOUT.

UPCOMING WORKSHOP:

JOIN US for an informative workshop on Jan. 30th in the Council Chambers, from 12-1. LGBTQ issues will be addressed with more depth. Food will be provided.

Topics to be discussed:
***LGBTQ/Sexuality Issues: Coping with sexuality-related stress, the gains of being 'out of the closet', how to manage an active queer lifestyle, and more.**
***International Students: How to create support systems, and who to turn to at UTSC.**

Angry?



Us too! Join us in the fight against <insert inflammatory topic here>.

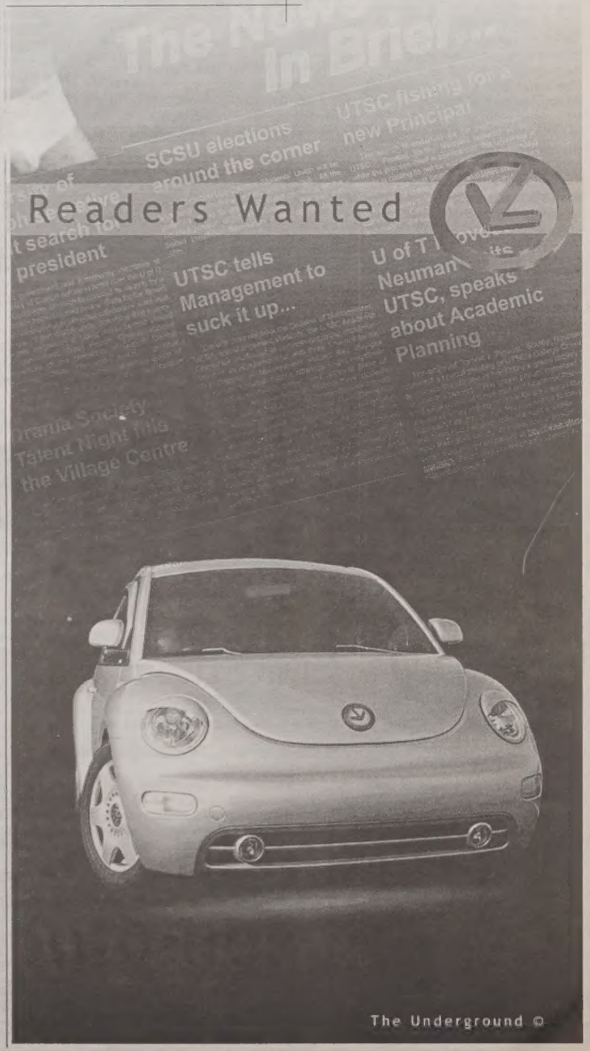
The Underground

Send us a letter, a short story, a poem, some art...
Just make sure it's angry (and spell-checked.)

— call us at 416-287-7054

— email us at undergnd@utsc.utoronto.ca

— or leave us an angry post-it note on our office door at S364 (that's right, it's a portable...)



SUMMER JOBS in the Recreation Centre

For the coming summer, we are looking for experienced student employees as:

- DAY CAMP INSTRUCTORS
- CERTIFIED TENNIS INSTRUCTORS
- TENNIS COURT SUPERVISORS
- TIMER/SCORER-BASKETBALL LEAGUE
- CUSTOMER SERVICE STAFF*

*applications will only be accepted after March 1

Please submit your application with a resume to the Physical Education Department Office R-247.